Bene. Come,will you go with me?

Claudio Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow,about your owne busines, county: what fashion will you weare the garland of? about your necke, like an Vsurers chaine?or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? you must weare it one way,for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio I wish him ioy of her.

Fened. Why thats spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serued you thus?

Claudio I pray you leaue me.

Benedicke Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meate,and youle beate the post.

Claudio If it will not be, ile leaue you. *exit*

Benedicke Alas poore hurt foule,now will hee creepe into sedges: but that my Ladie Beatrice should know me,and not know mee: the princes foole!hah, it may be I goe vnder that title because I am merry: yea but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed,it is the base(though bitter)disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so giues me out: well,ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince,Hero,Leonato,Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade.

Pedro Now signior,wheres the Counte, did you see him?

Benedicke Troth my lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true,that your grace had got the goodwil of this yoong Lady,and I offred him my company to a willow tree,either to make him a garland,as being forsaken,or to binde him vp a rod,as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro To be whipt,whats his fault?

Benedicke The flatte transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest,shewes it his companion,and he steales it.

Pedro Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression

sion is in the stealer.

Benedicke Yet it had not beene amisse the rodde had beene made, & the garland too, for the garland he might haue worn himselfe,and the rodde he might haue bestowed on you,who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro I wil but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Benedicke If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro The ladie Beatrice hath a quarrell to you,the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrongd by you.

Bened. O shee misused me past the indurance of a blocke: an oake but with one greene leafe on it,would haue answered her:my very visor beganne to assume life, and scold with her: she tolde me,not thinking I had beene my selfe,that I was the Princes iester, that I was duller than a great thawe, huddleing iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me,that I stoode like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: she speakes poynyards,and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no liuing neere her,shee would infect to the north starre: I woulde not marry her, though shee were indowed with al that Adam had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come,talke not of her, you shall find her the infernall Ate in good apparell, I would to God some scholler woulde coniure her, for certainely, while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell,as in a sanctuarie, and people sinne vpon purpose,because they would goe thither, so indeede all disquiet, horrour,and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice.

Pedro Looke heere she comes.

Benedicke Will your grace command me any seruice to the worldes end? I will go on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send mee on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you